Chemo Limo (Album Version)

Regina Spektor

I had a dream
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over
Baby-sat all four of my kidsThen in my dream
I told the doctor off
He said if you don't want to do it
Then you don't have to do it
He said the truth is
You'll be okay, anywayThen in my dream
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin and the doctor
Went and had a talk with my bossSomething about insurance policies
They kept the door closed at all times
I couldnt hear or seeWhen they came out they said
You'll be okay, anyway
And I smiled cause I'd known it all along.No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
I don't have to pay for this shit
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo
And on any given day I'd rather ride a limousineNo thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
I ain't about to to die like this
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo
And besides this shit is making me tired
It's making me tired
It's making me tired
You know I plan to retire some day,
And I'm gonna go out in style
Go out in style
This shit it's making me tired
It's making me tired
It's making me tired
I'm-a gonna go out in style go out in styleWhen I woke up
My kids were being quiet
I knew it was a dream right away
I called the limousine companyThen I got dressed
I dressed the kids as well
The limousine pulled in
And we piled inThe doctor he asked which way we were headed
I said, Sir, let's just go west and he listened obediently,
Sophie only wants to listen to radio BBC
Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me
All about the meanies

Jacqueline was being such a big girl
With her cup of tea looking out of the window
And Barbara
She looks just like my mom
Oh my god, Barbara
She looks so much like my momNo thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
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And I'm-a gonna go out in style
Go out in style
This shit it's making me tired
It's making me tired
It's making me tired
I'm-a gonna go out in style go out in styleStyle
Style
Style?
Style.
Style..?
Style
Style..??
Style.I had a dream
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Baby-sat all four of my kidsI had a dream
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over and
Baby-sat all four of my kidsSophie only want to tune us into radio BBC
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All about the meanie
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She looks just like my mom
Oh my god, Barbara
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